



# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

FEBRUARY  
1965







SEVERAL members of Roundup "Return to India" party approach one of the gates of Fatehpur Sikri, the deserted city of Akbar. (1964 Roundup photo.)



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



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EX-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. EX-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

• **The Year of the Dragon** is over and the Year of the Serpent (4663) is now beginning. Public celebration of the Chinese New Year in San Francisco's Chinatown begins Feb. 6, four days after the community's traditional family observance, and continues for nine days.

• **The serpent** is the fourth in the symbolic cycle of 12 on the Chinese lunar calendar. It is endowed with many splendid qualities in Chinese folklore. It has a reputation for great wisdom and for cunning; is credited with supernatural powers, a being that can overhear the secrets of Mother Earth; and is believed to be the guardian of wealth. In other words, the year ahead should be a good one!

• **This month's cover** shows wartime remains of a temple at Namhkam, Burma. The figure is about 40 feet in height. Photo by A. W. Freshman, M.D.

• **We've been asked** about the jackals of India by a CBler who says he can still hear them howling around his tent at Kanchrapara. There are still plenty of them, we must report. Air passengers who drive out to Dum Dum to catch an early plane often see dozens of them slouching tamely about in the heavy ground fog, especially in swampy areas. Those in the know say the jackals are out catching frogs for breakfast. Wonder if the frog-leg diet has anything to do with their eerie voices!

Gen. John E. Murray Jr.

• Brig. Gen. John E. Murray Jr., 50, of Wellesley, Mass., retired chief of special investigations for the U.S. Air Force and faculty member of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, died recently at his home. He retired from the Air Force in 1959 and served as a co-director of the program for management at the Harvard Business School. In 1962 he was appointed to the state advisory board on higher education policy. Born in Worcester, he received B.S. and M.S. degrees from Holy Cross College. Before entering the service he was a special agent for the FBI. During World War II he was director of criminal investigations in the China-Burma-India theater and later directed war crimes investigations in the Southeast Asia command. He also served on General MacArthur's staff in Tokyo as chief of criminal investigations before becoming director of that office for the Air Force. His wife, a son, a daughter and two sisters survive.

(From the Boston Herald; submitted by Frank Scannell, Cambridge, Mass.)



CAVE entrance at New Delhi, India, is the God of Death. Photo by Dushyant V. Patel.





PROOF that the ranks of CBIers is thinning is this picture of four at the first national CBI reunion in 1948 at Milwaukee, Wis., none of whom is now living. From left to right, they are George W. Dietz, Gen. Albert Pick, Mel Rau and Chet Mayer. Dietz, Rau and Mayer were all from Milwaukee, and all charter members of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

#### Where's the Brazil?

● Can't recall how many renewals this makes, but I certainly enjoy the magazine. I still keep in touch with Sam Ziermann, a buddy of our 83rd Signal Company (later the 1083rd). Whatever became of the SS Brazil that took us over in '42?

PAUL C. SCHULZ,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

*There was an article by Nathaniel T. Kenney in the September 1964 issue of National Geographic that tells the story. In the fall of 1963 the author sailed up the James River from Chesapeake Bay, and saw hundreds of "moth-balled" ships. Among them was the Brazil.—Ed.*

#### Names and Places

● After all these years, I would be lost without the magazine. Names, places and pictures all help to keep a fading memory active and alert. I still check each edition for the names of men I knew, but I guess I did not get to know the literary type. Enclosed are two clippings from fairly recent editions of the Boston Herald. It is a real sign

that the years are passing when we stop to think that the most frequent reference to the CBI Theater of Operations is now in the death notices. I think this is due to the fact that many from the old CBI have reached positions of prominence in all sections of the country. Keep up the good work that helps so much to keep alive the spirit of the CBI.

FRANK SCANNELL,  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### George W. Dietz

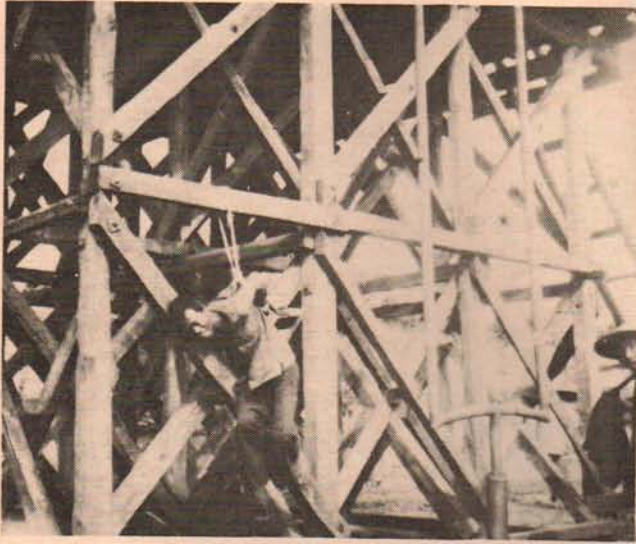
● My husband, George W. Dietz, passed away of leukemia on October 21, 1964, at the age of 49. His pallbearers were members of the Milwaukee CBIVA Basha, and he was buried with full military honors. George was a former sergeant in the U.S. Field Artillery. He was stationed at many stateside posts, in Hawaii, and around Ledo in the CBI theater of operations with the 1007 Engineers Special Service Bn., Company A, until VJ day. He was a charter member of the Milwaukee Basha and past commander of same, and was proud to be associated with this one veterans organization during his lifetime. He was "commissioned" an Admiral in the Great Nebraska Navy by Val Peterson, then governor of Nebraska, following the 1948 CBI reunion. George was a meat department manager of a Milwaukee supermarket. Survivors are his wife, Barbara; and daughters, Nancy, 13, and Susan, 9. Methodist services were held with burial at Wisconsin Memorial Park.

MRS. GEORGE W. DIETZ,  
Milwaukee, Wis.



END of section of rail operated by men of the 748th Railway Operating Battalion was Mariana Junction. Natives are shown before sign at station. Photo by Dallas H. Wilson Jr.





CHINESE hanging by his arms on a water tank, punished by Chinese officers for stealing a pair of shoes at Kunming in 1945. Photo by A. W. Freshman, M.D.

#### New Basha Officers

● Mahoning Valley Basha at Youngstown recently elected the following officers: John Novicky, commander; Robert Zimmerman, senior vice commander; Frank Jessick, junior vice commander; Richard Baker, judge advocate; Steve Yancsurak, provost marshal; Joe Nivert, adjutant and finance officer; Ethel Yavorsky, historian; Amelio Catelani, chaplain; Simon Danish, service officer; Glenna Davies, recording secretary; and Francis Lesnansky, public relations officer.

JOE NIVERT,  
Youngstown, Ohio

#### Like Only Yesterday

● Twenty years since it all ended but it seems like only yesterday. . . and vivid memories are due in most part to Ex-CBI Roundup. Jack and I both enjoy it very much. Good luck to all and best wishes for the new year.

MRS. JACK REECE,  
(Pauline Hendershot),  
Kirkwood, Mo.

#### Rev. George A. King

● High requiem mass for the Rev. Dr. George A. King, S.J., professor of political science at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., was sung recently at St. Joseph's chapel on the campus. He was 57 years old. A native of Brookline and graduate of Boston College High School, he received his B.A. degree from Boston

College and Ph.D. from Georgetown University. He was an Army chaplain during World War II and was chosen to deliver the memorial speech at New Delhi, India, on the death of President Roosevelt. He wrote "The Life of Theodore Dwight Woolsey," the former president of Yale University, and contributed to the Dictionary of Political Science of 1964. He was at Holy Cross 16 years. His mother, two brothers and a sister survive.

(From the Boston Herald; submitted by Frank Scannell, Cambridge, Mass.)

#### It's a Small World

● Recently, while returning from a trip to Europe, I sat beside you and your wife for a short while between Amsterdam and New York. Today I was in the office of a friend of mine, Col. E. L. Green, and saw a copy of the Roundup. I promptly borrowed it and read your account of the trip, and your wife's story. Well done. In order that I may continue to enjoy the Roundup, please sign me up for two years.

JAMES R. STOVER,  
Riverdale, N.Y.



SHRINES and other religious buildings in Lucknow, India. Photo by C. J. Sloanaker.



# CBIers Return to India

By NEIL L. MAURER

If the construction of buildings is any mark of progress, it would seem that India's development can best be seen at places like Agra and New Delhi. Yet the greatest edifices even there are structures of the past.

Most notable of these were built by the fabulously-wealthy Moghul (or Mughal) emperors, who ruled India from 1526 until the 19th century.

All CBIers know about the Taj Mahal, the celebrated mausoleum in a beautiful garden outside the city of Agra. It was built by Emperor Shah Jehan for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal, who died in 1629. Some 20,000 men were employed

upon it continually for 22 years, and its cost is variously estimated to have been from \$10,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

The Taj is an octagonal building 70 feet high, with sides measuring 130 feet; and is surmounted by a dome giving an additional height of 120 feet, for a total of 190. At the four corners of the platform centered by the mausoleum are minarets 133 feet high. The whole is of white marble, with precious and semi-precious stones set into the exterior. Interior decorations also are of sumptuous magnificence.

To set off the white marble, there are large buildings of red sandstone on either side of the Taj.

It is rumored that Shah Jehan had



CBIers, along with Indian visitors, leave the gateway to the Taj Mahal after a tour of this magnificent structure. (1964 Roundup photo)



planned to have a black marble mausoleum built for himself, on the opposite side of the river. But this was not to be. His ambitious son, in order to take over the reins of power himself, imprisoned the father in a huge red fort which still stands a mile away, and it was here that the emperor died within sight of the Taj.

The fort itself is also in an excellent state of preservation. As you approach it, you cannot help but recall the words of Sir Fredrick Treves, who once wrote that he doubted if there was "in the world a fort which looks more fortlike."

"It is such a fort," he declared, "as should figure in an allegory or be engraven on a shield as an heraldic symbol."

The red sandstone fort is entirely surrounded by a deep moat, filled with water. To get into it you cross a drawbridge, which becomes a heavy door when it is raised. From the outside entrance you go through an area which once housed the troops of the emperor's guard, then through another gate and up a long ramp leading to the courtyard inside the fort.

Once inside you have an opportunity to visit the harem, which once housed the women of the court; the emperor's living quarters, finished in gold; the baths, in which the light of candles was multiplied many times by mirrors; courts of public and private audience; and many other facilities. You can see the area between inner and outer walls, where wild animals once fought for the amusement of the court, and where monkeys now play in the underbrush; the mosque, for Moslem worship; a fishing pond for the emperor; fountains, arches, gateways and gardens.

When you visit the Fort of Agra, as well as the Red Fort at Delhi, you can well imagine the way these emperors and their followers lived. Both of these places, plus the deserted city of Akbar at Fatehpur Sikri, are like something out of a Darryl F. Zanuck movie.

As Sir Fredrick Treves wrote: "Those who would see how an Emperor should live must needs visit Agra or Delhi. There was nothing in Europe to compare with this radiant court. The halls in the palace of the Kings of England were humble and insignificant by the side of the gorgeous domes which covered the head of the Emperor of India. The throne upon which he sat—the famous Peacock Throne—was estimated to have cost six million sterling and the palace was worthy of the throne."

Akbar, Jahangir and Shah Jehan were among the most famous of these em-

perors. Their treasures included precious jewels; gold, silver and copper; beautifully-bound books, etc. Akbar also owned 6,751 elephants, 12,000 of the best horses in the world, 6,223 camels and dromedaries and 7,260 mules and oxen. Besides the livestock directly maintained by the emperor, many animals were held by the 7,281 notables of the realm and were at the command of the emperor. The horses alone numbered 1,068,248.

As you pass through the outer gate after viewing these splendors, you are suddenly accosted by a blind beggar asking for "baksheesh." Once again you are reminded that India is a land of great contrasts.

The city of New Delhi is one of the most beautiful in India. It was laid out by the British in 1911, on a site outside the old city of Delhi, as a new location for the government which was then located at Calcutta. The old city has narrow, crowded streets and is typical of India. New Delhi has wide, tree-lined streets, impressive buildings and attractive homes.

Our hotel in New Dehli, the Ashoka, is located in what is known as the "diplomatic enclave." Not far away is the beautiful and practical new American embassy, with such "friendly" neighbors as the Russian embassy on one side and that of Red China on the other.

Speaking of hotels, the Ashoka is operated by the Indian government and is only seven years old. Like the two-year-old Clark's Shariz Hotel in Agra, it is extremely modern and comfortable. Both have swimming pools for guests. The Ashoka is a veritable palace; we wondered, however, how bathrooms could get into such a run-down condi-

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## Ex-CBI Roundup



## CBIers Return to India

tion in seven years. The Indian plumber could learn much from his brothers in the United States.

Although we saw some buildings under construction elsewhere, it was nothing to compare with the work going on in New Delhi. There are new hotels, new homes, new apartments going up in various parts of the city. You are inclined to view it as a symbol of progress until you remember that almost everyone who lives there is employed by either the government of India or by one of the many nations that maintain embassies there.

Then you inquire of your guide or your taxi driver. These are homes for

one class of government employees, you learn, and here is a new block of apartments for another class of government employees. This is a private school for the children of government employees. Then you ask about a row of small buildings back of a row of new homes. Are they garages, you wonder? Your guide explains that they are quarters for the servants of government employees.

It doesn't take long for one to get the impression that government officials and government employees are taken care of first. Perhaps independent India is in some measure following the example of its wealthy rulers from centuries past.

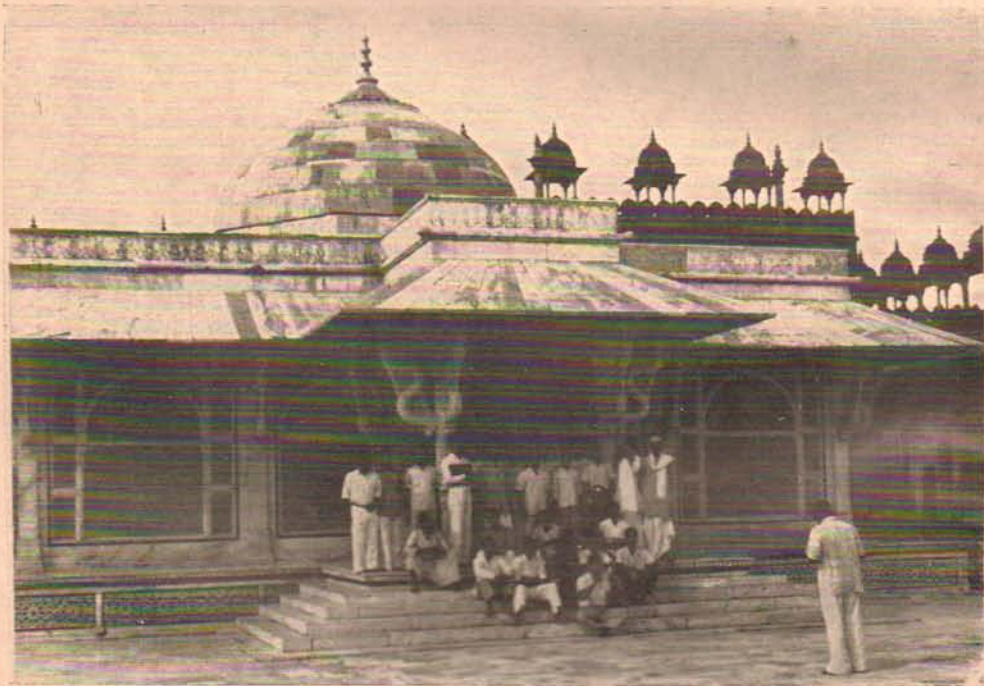


POSING for photographer before the Taj Mahal are members of the 1964 Ex-CBI Roundup "Return to India" party. They are Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ziegler of Houma, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Grover N. Posey of Dallas, Tex.; Enid Dorton of San Francisco, Calif.; Dr. and Mrs. H. Tod Smiser of Cynthiana, Ky.; and Mr. and Mrs. Neil L. Maurer of Laurens, Iowa.





INSIDE Red Fort at Agra are well-kept parks with hedges neatly trimmed. There are no "Keep off the Grass" signs. (1964 Roundup photo)



MOSQUE at Fatehpur Sikri, containing Mother of Pearl tomb, is background for picture of visiting Moslems. (1964 Roundup photo)



# The Burma Bridge Busters

(Written in July, 1945)

It was a bright sweltering day on the Sind desert just outside of the seaport city of Karachi, India. A handful of officers and enlisted men were shifting uneasily under the beating rays of the sun. These men were newly arrived Air Corps personnel and as yet were not accustomed to the blistering tropical rays of the India sun. An officer standing before these men, reading from a weighty sheaf of papers, gave little indication that this day in September of 1942 was an important day in the beginning of a new era in bombardment aviation. Today the activation orders for a new squadron were being read to a little group of tired men. The official creation of the 490th Bombardment Squadron, Medium, Army Air Forces. This unit, with the B-25 Billy Mitchell, was to record some remarkable achievements in flying and bombing during the coming months.

A few months later the newly-formed 490th moved to eastern India to take up combat operations against the Japanese. A famous man had just returned from Burma and his words were ringing in the ears of the men who comprised the Allied forces in India. He had said, "I claim we took a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it's humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it and go back and retake it." That was "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, Commanding General of American forces in the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater. The men of the 490th went to work with these words in their minds . . . "find out what caused it . . . go back and retake it . . . humiliating as hell."

Those first days of combat were humiliating. Humiliating because things were new, men were new, things had to be worked out—the hard way: thru bitter, heartbreaking experience. Those early days of 1943 were tough. There were problems; maintenance problems, food problems, heat and malaria, little mail, few supplies and plenty of headaches. To top it off, the dreaded monsoons were on the way. The story was: "You can't fly during the monsoons—it's darned near impossible, in fact it's suicide".

With the Japs moving toward us, Major James A. Philpott of Pomona, California, the Squadron Commanding Officer, had other ideas.

Those days were tough in other ways too. The squadron was given tough targets. The Japs were well entrenched in

Burma. Their troop positions, supply lines, and newly built air fields were heavily fortified strongpoints. The Squadron, under the 341st Bombardment Group of the Tenth Air Force, was getting good results—nothing spectacular—but good. The 490th was young and inexperienced but feeling its way slowly. Slowly only in relation to more experienced squadrons but certainly not slowly in the number of hours worked and number of missions for its ships.

Then, just as things were beginning to improve, the monsoons struck.

The rains came in torrents and sheets. The stifling, tropical humidity was worse. Clothes and equipment molded in barracks bags and foot lockers. Food spoiled quickly and even cigarettes mildewed in their packages. Vital, precious aircraft parts rusted. The men in Tech Supply spent days and nights soaking every intricate engine part in rust preventative compound. When the rust compound ran out they used oil. These monsoons have "dumped" as high as 680 inches of rainfall on parts of India and Assam in four to five months time.

The Squadron had to be ready, monsoon or no monsoon, and it flew. The pilots learned how to handle their Mitchells in treacherous weather . . . how to bomb in overcasts . . . how to strafe in a rainstorm . . . how to hit a Jap ammo dump or air field when they were least expected. By this time the monsoons were over and with the nice weather following and experience received the operation began to smooth out. There was no doubt about it, by the autumn of 1943 the Squadron had grown "battlewise".

After spending months hitting railroad yards, enemy barracks, ammo dumps, supply depots, etc., the "Skull & Wings" had to change their tactics and turn to bombardment of bridges.

Large area targets were fairly easy to hit from medium or low altitude, except, of course, for the trouble caused by ack ack and fighter opposition. There had been plenty of large target areas, among them, the big Mingaladon Airdrome, Malagon Railroad Yards in Rangoon, storage and communications areas at Prome and Henzada, supply dump and troop concentration at Lashio, Sagaing, Mandalay plus a score of others. Now word was received from the 341st that bridges were to be the prime target. These bridge assignments were tough, probably one of the toughest of targets designed by men. In fact the pilots and bombardiers began



to dread the word "bridge" as it usually meant "mission failure" on the reports. This not only applied to the Skull & Wings pilots and crews but also to other airmen in the CBI as well.

The new CO who replaced Major Philpott some months before, Lt. Col. Robert D. MacCarten of Fargo, North Dakota, decided to tackle the new problem of bridges outright. So, for the remaining months of 1943 his crews concentrated on trying to find a method for knocking out bridges and knocking them out to stay.

All of the accepted methods of the day were tried: Medium altitude bombing with a bombsight, low level bombing, "on the deck" bombing at extreme low level (40' to 60' level), dive bombing, skip bombing and a dozen other variations of these and other methods. In Europe, bridges were destroyed by sending vast numbers of planes over and saturating the target area with hundreds of tons of bombs. In India there were neither the planes nor the tons of bombs to do this. Despite every method tried, by the end of 1943, bridges had become the 490th's jinx target.

This was all changed on New Year's day of 1944 when a curious thing happened.

On that day the Squadron was assigned as a target the important Mu River railroad bridge, which connected the Mandalay-Sagning district with the Chindwin River area. Capt. Robert A. Erdin of Patterson, New Jersey, Squadron Operations Officer, who was flying that day, decided to try a new approach to the objective. Instead of coming in on the target diagonally or at right angles as the other planes had done, he decided that he would make his run straight down the rail line and across the bridge lengthwise. Then an accident occurred which changed the course of Squadron history. While making his run on the bridge, Captain Erdin was forced to pull his ship up suddenly to avoid hitting a tree near the rail line, and by the time he had brought his ship down again it was time to release the bombs. Erdin quickly pushed the bomb release switch and trailed a neat string of 500 pounders along the length of the bridge. When Erdin looked around, the Mu River Bridge was lying in a twisted heap in the river.

As soon as Colonel MacCarten heard of this successful accident he realized that Erdin had stumbled on a new bombing technique. MacCarten wasted no time. He ordered an experimental bombing range built near the base and assigned Captain Erdin and Captain Harry A. Suthpen of Bement, Illinois, (later killed

in action) the job of perfecting the new technique. After weeks of painstaking experiments with different types of bomb loads, fusions, approaches, speeds, altitudes and simulated targets, it was found that after a low level approach was made to the target, a slight dive before releasing the bombs would prevent them from skipping after they hit the bridge; which was one of the major problems of bridge-busting.

The new technique was taught to other pilots and became standard procedure in the "Skull and Wings" Squadron. Thus, in the early months of 1944 the death knell for enemy supply lines was sounded.

After the destruction of the Mu River Bridge the Squadron's pilots began to knock out bridges one after another. The performance of the 490th was received with amazement and surprise. The 490th was doing something that no other squadron had ever done before, they were smashing bridges systematically and methodically, one by one. General Howard C. Davidson, Commanding General of the Tenth Air Force, sent a telegram to Colonel MacCarten: "To you, your Burma Bridge Busters and all the boys on the ground who keep 'em flying, on their successful accomplishments, my personal congratulations. Your devastating results have been received with glee."

By the middle of May, 1944, the 490th was known thruout the CBI as the "Burma Bridge Busters" and had piled up the impressive score of 36 bridges destroyed and 12 more damaged in five months. On the 11th of May the "Bridge Busters" had accounted for six bridges in one day. Among the bridges downed in the five month period were the Myittha, Meza, Budalin, Pyu, Daga, Myingatha, Natmauk, Shweli and Sittang bridges; all important links in the Japanese supply system in Burma.

But the newly-titled "Burma Bridge Busters" had no time to bask in the light of their fast growing reputation. For it was during those first months of success, on March 22, 1944, that the Japanese began their invasion of India.

The Japanese forces in Burma gathered up all their might and made a lightning thrust over the Naga Hills into the little state of Manipur and down onto the great Imphal plain. The Japs meant business. They had spent a year of moving in troops and creating a large stock-pile of supplies in Burma. The invasion of India was now on in earnest.

The Japanese forces succeeded in surrounding the large and important Allied garrison at Imphal. Immediately every available plane in India was mustered to fly supplies to the trapped Allied



troops. "Skull & Wings" planes inaugurated a 24-hour, "round the clock" shuttle service to fly food and ammo into the besieged garrison. It was a tough assignment. Combat personnel soon became exhausted at the pace and ground men volunteered to fly in their places. The additional work of flying, added to the nearly impossible task of keeping the planes in combat condition, soon began to tell on the ground crews also. It was not uncommon for maintenance crews to work all day, do a double engine change during the night and work through the next day with no more than time off for a sandwich or tea.

Squadron armorers, not satisfied with the pay loads of the Mitchells, were striving to develop and install a bomb bay rack which would increase the B-25's cargo limit to 4,000 pounds plus. Soon the 490th's Mitchells, equipped with this new rack, flew in one trip what they had formerly flown in three. It was this same armament section that began the practice of putting extra guns in the nose of the old B-25 "D" and that upped bomb loads to four 1,000 pound bombs or eight 500 pounders by the use of a new loading technique.

For weeks the Squadron's men and planes flew the "Imphal run" in the worst monsoon weather imaginable. Many times the Imphal air strip would be under enemy fire and Jap Zeros would lie in wait for ships flying alone or cargo planes without fighter escort. On one occasion, a small number of the Squadron's B-25s returning from Imphal were attacked by a large number of Zeros. "Skull & Wings" ships engaged the attacking force in a running air battle which lasted for more than an hour. More than one-half of the enemy planes were destroyed or damaged. The Squadron lost one aircraft.

Finally those hectic weeks of flying paid off. The Japs pulled out. Imphal was saved. The Jap invasion of India had been turned.

In the early summer of 1944, after the Jap "conquest" of India had been stifled, General Stilwell started to drive back into Burma with a vengeance. American, British, Indian and Chinese forces pushed down the Hukawng Valley in northern Burma and in mid-summer of 1944 laid siege to the big Jap stronghold of Myitkyina. During the Imphal Run and at this time the Squadron was operating out of Kurmatola, India. It was during this time that close low-level air support was being flown to support the famous Merrill's Marauders and other forces pushing their way into the defenses of Myitkyina. All during those monsoon-

swept months of Stilwell's drive, the 490th was engaged in carrying out a large scale campaign of destruction against the old targets, bridges and communications lines. One of the favorite pastimes of certain pilots such as Captain Snow, a daredevil, and some of his buddies was to take the B-25s out with the 75 MM cannon in the nose and fly down the rail lines firing into the rail beds or looking for rolling stock. The 75s were deadly on this type of mission. By the first week of August 1944, Myitkyina had fallen to Allied forces and they were driving steadily toward the Irrawaddy River strongpoints of Bhamo and Katha.

From Kurmatola the Squadron moved to Dergaon, Moran, Jorhat. On the 15th of November, 1944 rumors had it that the next move would be up the "Road" into Burma. A little spot carved out of the jungle called Wareup. This would shorten the flying time and allow two or even three missions a day into Jap-held territory. In fact this brought the bombers to within 40 miles of the lines. By the last week of November these rumors were facts and by October the missions were being flown from this tiny strip with only 4,000 feet of runway for the overloaded planes. The 100th bridge had been destroyed on Nov. 8 and with stepped-up missions the morale was very high.

Typical of the Squadron's activities during this period was the bombing of



BURMESE woman and her grandson rest on the implement used for separating rice. Photo by J. T. Howard.



the Wuntho Bridge on the rail line from Rangoon to Myitkyina. The bridge was knocked out time and again. As soon as Jap engineers would rebuild the bridge, "Burma Bridge Busters" went in and knocked it down. The bridge finally became famous under the sobriquet "the bridge that won't stay up".

Besides setting records for precision low level bombing, the "Bridge Busters" set other records. In order to have a first class bombing outfit, a first class maintenance section is necessary along with top-notch planes and men to fly them. Tech. Sgt. Harry Brisco, in charge of engine change and general maintenance, along with prop men, crew chiefs and squadron supply were doing a wonderful job. Tech supply was having trouble at times keeping parts in stock and with each lengthening of the supply line maintenance became more of a problem. A large number of the planes are credited with reaching the hundred mission mark. "Old 61" known as the "Buzzin' Buzzard," was the first to hit the new mark, and another Mitchell "168" flew 100 consecutive combat missions without mechanical failure of any kind. These records and many more like them are a credit to 490th personnel who worked for many months in the early days without proper tools. Old No. 161, a "C" with 20 months in November of '44, still flying, 370, Charlie Baatz ship, 810, whose crew chief was Sergeant Raye of New Mexico with 600 hours on each engine and special permission from Air Force Headquarters in the U.S. to try for 700. On March 23, No. 810 had 176 missions and running fine. This grand ship was eventually shot down with full crew over the target area.

In December most of the missions were against supply and troop concentrations in and around the fortress cities of Indaw, Katha, Bhamo and Lashio. Close air support was given to hard fighting ground units like the "Mars Task Force." On December 20, the "Burma Bridge Busters" broke all previous records by destroying eight bridges with nine aircraft in a single day. By the end of the month, the "Bridge Busters" had given a Christmas gift to the retreating Japs—28 bridges demolished and several more damaged in one month. An all time record. Maintenance records on the Squadron's planes also outdid themselves. During this period the percentage of abortive sorties was .0432 per cent of all sorties flown.

Tactically and strategically the Japs were licked. Not a single supply line into upper Burma was left intact. With the lines cut and the Mars and Marauders forces in pursuit the Japs were counting

their stay in Burma in weeks and days. Air drops were impossible as fighter squadrons had reduced Jap air power to nothing.

When 1945 rolled around, the 490th had accomplished a lot. Since February of 1943 the Squadron had dropped a total of 8,257,000 pounds of bombs, had flown over 3,000 sorties against all types of targets and had destroyed 133 bridges and damaged 43 more. Its pilots and bombardiers and established records, received many citations and praises for their accomplishments.

The number of planes in the Squadron had been increasing steadily from 16 to the total of 24. Although this is 50 per cent more than normal, it increased mission size and certainly kept ground crews from wondering what to do after the evening meal. Aside from the regular combat missions the 490th was also flying the "Burma Mail". Almost every day the "Mail" was dropped to Burmese people in Jap-occupied territory and propaganda for enemy troops. This consisted of leaflets, newspapers, and gifts for the jungle villages.

In early spring of 1945 it was decided by the Tenth Air Force that the 490th had completed its mission in Burma. Arrangements were made for the Squadron to be transferred into General Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force where it would rejoin its old group, the 341st, which had moved to China many months before.

A few days before the Squadron was scheduled to move over "the hump" into China, General Davidson paid his last visit to the 490th. With the entire Squadron gathered around him, General Davidson thanked the men of the "Skull and Wings" for their outstanding work during the India-Burma campaign and with tears in his eyes, said goodbye to his favorite squadron.

Upon arriving in the China Theater, the Squadron, part of the 341st Bombardment Group, joined Brig. Gen. Russell E. Randall's West China Raiders, a well-known Fourteenth Air Force fighter wing.

The actual move and the setting up of a new base presented many difficulties. Many of the unit's key personnel, both air and ground men, had been returned to the states. In addition to the breaking in of new men on their duties, the terrain over which the 490th was to operate was strange and unfamiliar. These problems and many others faced Captain Edward L. Tengler of Cleveland, Ohio, the new Commanding Officer. China's bridges were more heavily defended and they were usually larger, longer and more sturdily built.

The tension that had accompanied



## The Burma Bridge Busters.

briefing and take-off on the day that the Squadron flew its first mission could be felt over the entire base. Every last man was waiting for the mission results to be radioed in. After weeks of preparation, this was the pay-off. Many in this unit, as in other units, wondered if the old "touch" had been left in Burma or had it accompanied the unit to China.

The radio station had received word from the first plane. The message was terse, leaving nothing to be doubted: "Mission—failure." But then from the next two ships over the target area the message came back: "Mission—successful." On the first mission two heavily-defended railroad bridges had been knocked out on the Tung Pu rail line, one of the most important Jap supply routes in China. Success continued until July 31, 1945, the week during which this story was written, and if the war should continue it is hoped that this same success will follow this unit. To this date 36 more bridges have been destroyed and 10 damaged in the course of three months of combat operations in China. A citation received from the head official of the province which the unit is based in has also helped to create better feeling among the personnel toward the Chinese. Of the bridges which have been destroyed are the important Yellow River bridge, Lohochai, Sincheng, Sinyang and Anyang bridges on the Peiping-Hankow railroad and the Taiku and Kihsien rail bridges on the Peiping-Tatung-Punchow rail line.

An example of "Skull and Wings" versatility has been the continued destruction of the Chungmow rail bridge. The Chungmow Bridge is a 2,000-foot spanning the Yellow River. It is strategically one of the biggest and most important supply links in north China. The bridge has been knocked out by the action by the Squadron on four different occasions, once from medium altitude and three times from low level attack.

In 2½ years of combat operations the 490th has hit every type of target under every conceivable condition—in monsoons, over mountains and jungle, thru ack ack and fighters in some of the wildest country in the world. In two years the Squadron has pushed its way up from an obscure organization to one of the distinguished bombardment units of World War II. In 19 months time it has accounted for 187 bridges knocked out and 53 more damaged and has cost the Japanese thousands of casualties, has blasted his supplies, his communications, his fortifications and his hopes of conquest in Southeast Asia.

During its operations in the India-Burma Theater the Squadron received 30 of-

ficial commendations for outstanding performance in combat. Nine of these commendations came from General Davidson of the Tenth Air Force. Lt. Gen. Barney M. Giles, then Deputy Commander, U.S. Army Air Forces and Chief of Air Staff, wrote, "Your Burma Bridge Busters will soon run out of their favorite targets at the rate they are going . . . Please tell them that General Arnold and I are watching them with pride." Among other commendations received were letters from the War Department; Lt. Gen. William J. Slim, Commanding General of the British 14th Army; Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Commander, Southeast Asia Command; and many others. Perhaps one of the finest tributes of its kind was General Davidson's farewell commendation to the Squadron. He said in part: ". . . . Your distinguished service as an organization while a member of my command for approximately 2½ years has been truly outstanding. The men and officers of your command have never hesitated to try the untried, and through your conscientious efforts have produced many new and effective bombing techniques which wrought destruction upon the enemy. Your consistent, effective operational records, high moral standards, high standards of maintenance and morale has been a distinct demonstration of courage and leadership. It is with regret that we lose you. We wish you continued success and God-speed in your new assignment."

Exploits were many—humorous, tragic and sad. Many of these forgotten except in the minds of men who lived them.

There was the time when Lt. William E. Cook of Fullerton, California, on a daring night mission, destroyed two spans of the great Sittang Railroad



SUPPLIES being dropped into a cleared part of the Burma jungle. Photo by Jack Jenkins.



Bridge in southern Burma. The Sittang has often been called the most important bridge in Asia. Cook, after dropping his bombs at low level, hit a Burmese pagoda while trying to evade heavy ground fire, and sheared off four feet of his left wing. In spite of this, Cook succeeded in bringing his badly crippled Mitchell back to base.

Then there is the story of Sgt. Marvin Beckman of Inglewood, California. Sergeant Beckman was the only survivor of a crew of five who bailed out of a B-25 and who were strafed by Zeros while they dangled helplessly in their parachutes. Beckman, after many days in enemy-held jungle, finally reached a forward Allied base, wounded and delirious. Captain Bell of Indiana, who flew his ship and crew in to the target area, was shot down and returned after many days in the jungle. Part of his crew never returned, as happened many other times. On this flight the Captain had a new ship, number 111, which had been dubbed "The Three Aces" by the ground crew and considered a lucky number.

The story of Staff Sergeant Vernon Cook of Abner, Oklahoma, is well-known. Perhaps you've heard of Sergeant Cook. He was the gunner who, while his and several other ships were engaged in a running fight with Jap Zeros, removed a fellow gunner who was badly wounded from a blasted turret and took his station. When the turret was put out of action, Cook took up the fight from the waist guns, giving first aid to his wounded crewmates between attacks. His coolness and courage won him the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

Then there is the humorous side—Captain Boutsellis with his 7½" mustache. Waxed and stiff as a Texas longhorn. Speaking of Texas—there was the time when Lt. William C. Gallimore of Abilene, Texas, who after returning with a bomb bay load of beer for the Squadron, "buzzed" the base, breaking the bomb bay rack and raining beer cans all over the Squadron's living quarters. On another occasion, Lt. John M. Schrader, navigator on a B-25 lost in a heavy overcast, led his plane to bomb an enemy airdrome which was unknown to Allied Military Intelligence. The field was named in his honor, "Schrader Field." Then there was Lt. Charles F. Powell of San Diego, who was forced to salvo his bombs before reaching his assigned target due to heavy flak. The next day reconnaissance photos revealed that Powell's bomb load had been dumped by accident squarely on top of a Jap Army Divisional Headquarters.

Other things which make up a combat squadron are days such as Oct. 24, 1944,

when 612 crashed. Three men were seen to get clear of the ship before it went into the jungle but were too low for the chutes to open. Oct. 27 Number 882 made a run on the target too close to the preceding ship and was demolished by delayed action bombs required for low level type bombing. Oct. 31—Number 370 and Number 967 shot up and landed at an advanced base. Two men wounded—this by Zeros. Jan. 18, 1945—Lost Number 493 yesterday on Mail Run. None of crew heard from. Lost one plane today strafing Jap air base. Number 780 came in today with landing gear hit—landed, swerved and hit semi full of 100 octane gas. Blew up immediately but whole crew managed to escape with minor burns. Feb. 1 Number 403 down with full crew over target. Feb. 9 Number 788 went in too low, hit a tree, flipped over on its back and burned. Feb. 15—Number 977 went in low over the target and when last seen was still going away from the base low and fast, no radio contact. Feb. 10 Number 068 went in on target, dropped bombs, climbed, circled for return flight, then crashed with full crew. This is only to say, in summing up these losses, that when men you know and planes you have worked on fail to come back it has a certain way of forming a closer-knit, harder hitting outfit. We believe the 490th to be this type of "Bomb Squadron".

—THE END

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# The Fourteenth Line

*Reprinted from Skyways Magazine  
February 1944*

I remember the afternoon I first saw them. Wuchow was sweltering in the midst of early summer heat. The Kan kap king po (run for your life!) alarm had been sounding all afternoon, and I was sweating and dirty from the narrow confines of the Chinese shelter. When the third alarm ended, I went up to my room to take a bath. I had only reached the door when the fourth Kan kap king po began to scream. For an instant I was tempted to ignore it, but the memory of the many crushed and mangled bodies dragged from the bombed debris of previous raids was too horribly vivid, and sent me clattering down the stairs into the hot, dusty roadway.

Thousands of people were running from alleys and houses into the street. Suddenly we heard the roar of planes coming in from the northwest. Something was wrong; the Japanese, like locusts, invariably came from the southeast. With the first signs of panic beginning to grip the trapped crowd, the people looked back over their shoulders. It seemed as if they all saw it at the same time. Instead of the emblem of the Rising Sun painted on the planes, there was a great white star on a blue background. The Chinese stopped in their tracks and applauded; the narrow streets rang with cries of "Mei kuo, mei kuo, American! American!" To the enraptured Wuchow citizenry, the Fourteenth United States Air Force had made its first appearance.

When this war is over and its fairy tales fully told, much will be said of that valiant group of men who fought unsung and unheralded against every odd but whose unconquerable and venturesome spirit has made the Fourteenth Line the modern Great Wall of China. Under Major General Claire Chennault the Fourteenth Line began with the dissolution of the Flying Tigers. At first on the defensive these American boys from every state in the union have now carried the war to the Japanese and defeated them in every engagement. From Burma to Manchuria they strike with avenging force, eagerly awaiting the day when advance bases will allow them to strike at the heart of the Japanese empire itself.

I was in an advance base near Kweilin one Saturday morning. Major Edmund Goss, fighter commander, was proudly showing me the red dots along-

side the cockpit of a P-40 which boasted the number of enemy planes shot down in combat. The shark's teeth of the P-40 had fatally bitten into Rising Sun bombers and chewed Zero fighters to death over Hongkong, Canton, Yunnan and Indo-China.

Interrupting us, a sergeant came dashing up to the Major and handed him a message—twelve enemy fighters were heading for us from the direction of Hankow. Goss with an apology ran into the air base office. I saw the mechanics and pilots not on duty heading for a nearby hill and I joined them. There a large pit had been dug to serve as a shelter.

Visibility was perfect. From this high point, we had a panoramic view of the whole countryside. Below us, beyond the rice fields, the P-40's were warming up and moving into position. Anti-aircraft gunners were getting set while others scanned the sky. It was like looking down into the Rose Bowl at the teams lined up for the kick-off. Then the fighters roared down the runway, throwing up clouds of dust.

A small field radio that had been set up in the pit reported more than 15 Zeros coming in from still another direction, probably from bases near Canton. More mechanics, each with a Garand rifle or Thompson machine gun, came up from the field to join those of us already settled into the protective pit. It was hot—and not a little stuffy with the sweat of impending excitement. This mission for the Japs was revenge—revenge for a defeat at the hands of the Fourteenth Air Force some days before.

"Twenty-seven planes only means one thing," remarked a boy standing near me. "They're going to try and wipe us out. This is going to be some fight."

Then someone spotted the Japs coming in from the northeast. They were climbing and diving in great circles as though sure of a kill.

"They're up about seventeen thousand feet," said the corporal excitedly. I wonder where our planes are."

His question was quickly answered. The P-40's with motors wide open roared out of the clouds, machine guns spitting in steady staccato. The Japanese planes were easy to see as their bellies flashed in the sun when they twisted and turned. The P-40's opened full fire and plunged. One Zero in the east began to peel off, a trail of white smoke plummeting behind it; it began a dizzy plunge towards



the ground but exploded and disintegrated before it hit.

The fight got closer. Almost directly overhead a P-40 was tangling with eight Zeros and into all that the anti-aircraft guns poured shells. I'll never know how they kept from hitting their own planes!

"Be careful of stray bullets or a strafing Zero," someone shouted.

Soon 15 more Zeros came in from the southeast and joined the battle. The air was filled with planes circling, diving, climbing and spinning. Almost directly overhead, we saw a plane swing off, flame and smoke pouring out. I saw the Rising Sun on it and felt relieved as it plunged screaming to the ground west of us. Then as it hit all was silent and only a cloud of black smoke rose straight up. Two minutes later a third flaming Zero started to plummet down in its death dive.

Directly over the field a P-40 bore down on five Zeros, its machine guns spitting death.

"It's Carpenter," someone on the far side of the pit called out.

Later when I learned he was right, I marveled how anyone could identify a plane hurtling at 400 miles an hour. As I watched his plane tear into one Zero and then another, I thought of the pilot, Lieutenant Greg Carpenter, to whom I had been talking hardly an hour earlier. Carpenter, who comes from Keene, New Hampshire, was well known around New England as a vaudeville magician. Now as he plunged in and out of that group of Zeros he was using every trick he knew.

Gradually the fighting drifted away from the field, and the Japs—who had enough by this time—turned tail and made a dash for home.

No sooner were they out of the vicinity when a lone Jap reconnaissance plane came over the field. It dropped leaflets and flew off to the south. Lieutenant Tucker grabbed up the field mike and called out its position and direction to the fighters aloft. Captain John Hampshire received the message and turned to intercept the plane. That Jap never had a chance. Hampshire roared out of the clouds, machine guns blazing. The reconnaissance plane exploded in mid-air and oil from it covered Hampshire's diving P-40.

The fight lasted exactly fifty-five minutes. Five planes had been shot down and four others badly damaged. I saw every one of our planes come gliding back to the field.

I picked up one of the leaflets dropped by the Jap reconnaissance plane. Printed in bold English script was a challenge for the Americans to come up for a de-

cisive battle. Evidently something had gone wrong with the Japs' timing. The plan seemed to have been to first drop the leaflets and get our planes up. The twelve Zeros from Hankow were then supposed to knock a good number of our ships out of the air and the fifteen Zeros from Canton were to come in for the kill. The Jap strategy was good, but it didn't reckon with the temper of the Fourteenth Line.

With a group of soldiers I went to the Jap plane that had crashed just west of us. A Chinese boy was coming from the wreckage carrying the right arm of the pilot. He wanted to show it to the villagers. The remains of the fighter were scattered all over the valley, a mixture of wreckage and exploded machine-gun shells. I picked up the gas-tank cap as a souvenir and carried it back to the hostel. The other fellows, too, took pieces of the wreckage to bring home with them.

When we arrived back at the hostel, the flyers were already celebrating their victory. Major Goss had upped his score by one Zero. Goss was a youngster who had become a flyer the hard way by working as a clerk back in Tampa, Florida, in order to take flying lessons. He had a wife and baby back home. Lieutenant Charlie Gordon had shot down the plane whose wreckage we visited and was proud of his first kill. I gave him the gas cap as a souvenir.

I left the boys to return to Kweilin that night, and it was like leaving a victory banquet after a football game. They could hardly wait to get back into another fight.

When I left Johnny Hampshire that afternoon it was the last time I was to see him alive. Captain Hampshire was twenty-four years old and the ace of the Fourteenth Line. He had fourteen confirmed enemy planes to his credit. A few days later while flying over Hunan, a group of Zeros ganged up on him. Wounded, he was forced down on a river. A Chinese boatman pulled him out of the water and started to carry him to a nearby village, but he died enroute.

I was present at his funeral in Chungking where his body had been flown back. I saw officers who daily risked their lives along the Fourteenth Line weep openly.

The boys in the Fourteenth Line come from every part of America, from every walk of life. In one base among enlisted men there was a soldier who once sold men's clothes back in Philadelphia, one a Massachusetts all-state fullback, another majored in radio at the University of



## The Fourteenth Line

Michigan, another was a sociologist, and another a journalist.

One fellow told me his name was Frank Antish.

"I'm from the Forty-ninth State," he said.

When I looked at him questioningly, he smiled and explained: "That's Brooklyn."

I asked him how he liked it in China.

"Swell," was the reply. "I used to be a singing waiter in a beer joint. Sometimes a drunk would interrupt my song and I would say, 'Listen, Bud, I gotta earn a living, so why don't you shut up.' Around here I can sing to my hearts content, and no one ever bothers me. You ought to hear me sing, I Had the Craziest Dream. I learned it off the radio."

With utter candor these boys will tell you the story of their lives and plans for the future. In real American fashion they gripe and tell you how the army should be run, but in the next breath they will praise and defend their superior officers. When a transport or a P-40 drops onto the field, there will be news from home, packages, different faces to look at. It's a hard, monotonous life for these youngsters thrown into a strange land with a strange language and even stranger customs.

This never-say-die spirit carries our boys from victory to victory. The best fight I have ever seen took place in the Yunnan sector of the Fourteenth Line. I had just finished breakfast at a fighter base when a message came in that between sixty and seventy Jap planes were headed for us. Sirens began to scream and the first squadron of P-40's began warming up.

With Colonel Bruce Holloway, commander of the whole fighter group and leading flight ace along the Fourteenth Line since the death of Johnny Hampshire, I went to headquarters to watch the soldiers plotting the course of the Jap flight. As usual the Chinese spotters were working perfectly and we watched the Japs progress on a large map spread out over a table. Towering, blue-eyed, tow-headed Bruce Holloway watched the advance of the Japs carefully. When they had approached too near for comfort he called two other flyers from a bench and the trio climbed into planes and were soon aloft.

Besides Holloway there was Lieutenant Charles Crysler, of Kenmore, New York, and Lieutenant Ronald Wilcox, of Del Roy, Florida. Southeast of the base, Holloway, Crysler and Wilcox found the Japs. They climbed above the pack waiting for a chance to attack. Holloway, feeling that the odds of three against seventy were a little too much even for the Fourteenth Line, radioed back the Jap position and

called for another squadron to take off. I was sitting in a trench about a half mile from the airfield and I saw the P-40's scream off in a hurricane of dust. The first wave of Jap bombers came over the field and Holloway roared into their midst. The bombers were thrown off aim and the bombs fell on the edge of the field, one of them setting fire to a plane hidden beneath some camouflage there.

An umbrella of forty Zero fighters had formed above thirty-six bombers in order to keep the Americans off. Nothing daunted, Crysler peeled off and went into the pack. His first Zero came roaring down to crash with a terrific explosion in the hills a few miles away. The second squadron was up there by this time and the Zeros vainly tried to halt them from breaking up the formation. The bombers unloaded again. This time the bombs landed in a village some miles away. Machine guns and anti-aircraft fire thundered over the countryside. But gradually the battle drifted away from the field and soon all was silent.

In about an hour the P-40's circled over the field and dropped their wheels to land. Lieutenant Crysler who was first in was happy when we told him we saw his Zero crash. This was his first blood in any battle and he told us that he had knocked down two more confirmed Zeros and one probable. Holloway came in next, his face all grins. He had shot down one bomber, one Zero and seriously damaged another. He asked Wilcox to run me over in a jeep to the other squadron. Wilcox kept up a staccato line of chatter all across the field. It was his first fight and he was enthusiastic over the battle.

"I was scared when I went up there, but after I got the first Zero in my sights I forgot all about being scared and went to work." He had three Zeros confirmed and two probables. Not bad work for a tyro!

When I reached the second squadron, I was surprised to see Major Edmund Goss whom I had met at another base further south. Goss waved in recognition.

"You're always on hand for the fireworks," he said.

I asked him how he had done.

"One Zero, making my total six."

He introduced me to the other members of the squadron.

"This is Lieutenant James Little, of Houston, Tex. He goes up in his ship stripped to the waist. The sight of him causes the Japs to faint. That's how he got his Zero today."

I asked Little his total bag to date.

"Six and a half," he replied.

I looked at him quizzically. He explained by saying that he and Lieutenant George Casey of Claymont, Delaware,



were simultaneously pumping lead into a bomber that hit the Yunnan dust.

Lieutenant Mat Gordon joined the group. Gordon, who comes from Pueblo, Colorado, told me he got one Zero in today's fight, bringing his total score to two planes that were confirmed and one scored as a "probable."

We found other happy boys gathered in one of the barracks. Lieutenant Edward Calbert of Columbus, Ohio, told me he had just shot down his first Zero. Lieutenant Mack Mitchell of Oakland, California, also got one, making his total three.

"I thought for a minute it was my last," said Mitchell. "Just after I got him, fire broke out in my cockpit. My plane went into a dive and I was just getting ready to go overboard when the fire went out. I couldn't get upstairs in time to get back into the fight."

A corporal came up and handed Goss a message.

"Here's the report from headquarters,"

he said. "We got thirteen confirmed fighters, two confirmed bombers, seven probable fighters and one probable bomber. Losses: one plane on the ground." The shout that went up from the boys could be heard all over the Fourteenth Line.

Goss turned to me smiling. "We've only been here a week. Up to this morning I haven't liked the place, too dull and quiet. But if the Japs think we're worth sending seventy-six planes to, well, I guess we're going to like this place after all."

That sums up the spirit of the Fourteenth Line.

So does a large sign hanging on the wall of Holloway's office. It's simple legend reads:

"Now the sun has set."

The boys never forget it and because they don't, Tokyo's days are numbered.

—THE END

## BOOK REVIEWS



*THE BRIG.* By Kenneth H. Brown. Hill & Wang, New York. January 1965. \$4.50; paperback, \$1.75.

A prison play about a U.S. Marine penal institution in 1957 in Japan, "a place of horrible extremes of discipline and order," with a long introduction by Julian Beck.

*THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.* By Taylor Caldwell. Pyramid Books, New York. January 1965. Paperback, 95c.

An historical novel by one of the country's best-selling writers. It is based upon the life of Genghis Khan, 13th century barbarian conqueror of much of Asia, the Near East and Hungary. An interesting story with much historical background.

*THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.* By Richard Collier. Ballantine Books, New York. January 1965. Paperback, 75c.

This is a full and fascinating account of the Sepoy rebellion against the East India Company which took place in India in 1847. Although it is as exciting as adventure fiction, it is actually authentic history with references to manuscript sources and complete printed sources. First published in the United States in 1964 by E. P. Dutton.

*THE GREAT TEA VENTURE.* By J. M. Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. January 1965. \$4.95.

The fascinating and incredible story of how a camellia-tree leaf affected the trade and culture of the world. Discovered in China as early as 2737 B.C., tea led to untold dangers and rivalries at sea, open hostilities between nations, the growth of the opium trade, and smuggling. All the most interesting and curious parts of tea's long history, from the East India Company's 17th century foothold in China to the cultivation of tea and present-day sales methods are described in this entertaining book.

*RUSSIA.* By Robert V. Daniels. Spectrum Books Original (Prentice-Hall), Englewood Cliffs, N.J. January 1965. Paperback, \$1.95; cloth, \$4.95.

A summary of our knowledge of Russia, starting with a factual survey of political, economic and cultural conditions in the Soviet Union today. Then it flashes back over the Russian past, the Revolution, evolution of the Soviet system and a look at "Soviet Russia and the World." This is one of the volumes in the new Modern Nations in Historical Perspectives series.

*WHAT THE GREAT RELIGIONS BELIEVE.* By Joseph Gaer. Signet Reference Book (New American Library). New York. December 1964. Paperback, 60c.

A popular account of 11 great religions of the world—Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Confucianism, Taoism, Shinto, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Zoroastrianism, and Zen Buddhism. The book explains their major beliefs, and gives a brief biography of the founder of each faith, then follows with selections from religious and philosophical writings.





News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman

**NEW DELHI**—A wish to have Mr. Nehru's will and testament prescribed reading in all schools in the country was expressed by the Union Education Minister, Mr. Chagla, at the inauguration of the Nehru Memorial Museum. He said that he considered Mr. Nehru's will to be one of the finest specimens of English literature; also the fine sentiments it embodied needed to be savoured by all youth.

**CALCUTTA**—Of the 13,574 family ration cards checked by Calcutta police during a three-day campaign, against bogus ration cards in bustee areas, "no trace cards" numbered 555 and included food units for 3,844 adults and 588 children. This meant a total saving of 118 maunds of rice and an equal amount of wheat.

**SHILLONG**—Mr. Devkanta Barooah, State Minister for Education, told the Assembly recently that there was a high school in the State that had not been inspected for nine years. He was replying to a member of the United Opposition Front who had asked whether the Government was aware that some schools had not been inspected for three years.

**NEW DELHI**—Children in New Delhi will have a unique "library" which will lend them Indian and foreign toys, just like books from ordinary libraries. The new library, to be known as "Chacha Nehru Toys Library," is being started by the "Share Your Toys Foundation," established in 1958.

**CALCUTTA**—The Shipping Corporation of India will acquire two Polish ships in 1965, each costing \$3 million (Rs 1.5 crores). Now under construction in a shipyard in Poland, each ship will have a cargo capability of 10,000 tons. The ships have all the modern gadgets and the emphasis is on greater hold capacity rather than on more amenities of space for members of the crew.

**CALCUTTA**—About 6,100 students appeared for Calcutta University's M.A., M. Sc. and M. Com. examinations this year. The examinations were given in 31 subjects. Nearly 60 per cent of the M.A. examinees and about 50 per cent of the M. Com. candidates were non-collegiate students. There were no non-collegiate candidates, however, among the N. Sc. examinees. The number of non-collegiate students has been increasing in the last few years.

**SATNA**—A diamond weighing 17.61 carats has been found at the Panna diamond mines 45 miles from here, in Madhya Pradesh.

**DACCA**—The East Pakistan Rifles personnel arrested 708 smugglers and seized smuggled goods worth about Rs 7,25,000 along the borders of East Pakistan in one month recently. The seized property mainly consisted of bidi leaves, Pak currency, rice, jute, fish, gold and silver.

**NEW DELHI**—Exports of Indian cashew nuts in September, 1964, were the highest on record so far for any single month. During that month 4,300 tons of cashew kernels were exported. They earned Rs 2.5 crores in foreign exchange.

**NAGPUR**—Mr. D. S. Desai, Home Minister of Maharashtra, told the State Council recently that 5,174 cases of suicide had been reported in the State during the past year. He said 992 were women. Reasons for suicide were generally illness, domestic quarrels, social stigma, poverty, infidelity and love affairs. There had been no case of suicide on account of food scarcity or on account of high prices of essential commodities during this period, he said.

**NEW DELHI**—The ports of Haldia, Paradip, Mangalore, Marmago, Madras and Vishakhapatnam are being developed or will be developed further at a cost of Rs 250 to Rs 300 crores to enable India to export over 37 million tons of iron ore by 1970.

**CALCUTTA**—Three occupants of a monoplane which touched down at Dum Dum 40 years ago—on Nov. 13, 1924, had difficulty on locating the aerodrome. A fire was lit to draw their attention before the aircraft could make a landing. The plane was the first KLM plane on its way from Amsterdam to Djakarta (then called Batavia). It took 44 days to reach Calcutta from Amsterdam. The airline's 40 years service to the East was recalled recently by a spokesman of KLM, speaking to a gathering of industrialists, travel agents and journalists in Calcutta. He said thousands of people had gone to the aerodrome to cheer the airmen as they stepped out of the "primitive" aircraft.

**NAGPUR**—The Maharashtra Government has decided to permit the manufacture of liquor in the State. Many applications have been received for the grant of licenses for the manufacture of beer and liquor.

**NEW DELHI**—A suggestion that the decimal system be adopted for measuring units of time also and that a week should consist of 10 rather than seven days, as at present, was made in the Lok Sabha recently by the Communist leader, Mr. Hiren Mukherjee.





YOUNG Naga mother and child. Photo by A. W. Freshman, M.D.

#### Calcutta's Black Hole

● The item about the Black Hole of Calcutta, in January issue, is quite indicative of the change taking place in India. It can no longer be seen, therefore it never happened. In my opinion the Indian government would do well to admit the past, and at the same time do more about improving the future. I, too, keep thinking of the people on the Dum Dum road. . officials may look in another direction, but these people don't just go away.

ARVIN MARSWELL,  
Kansas City, Mo.

#### Report From India

● A recent visitor to Los Banos, Executive Engineer Rajat Banerjee, learned quite by accident that I had spent some 30 months in India and called at my office to introduce himself. Naturally, I asked him where he lived in India and was amazed to find that his home was in Asansol, just a few miles from Ondal where I spent my Indian vacation. Mr. Banerjee is spending some time in the U.S. inspecting dams and

irrigation works under construction, and this is how he happened to be in my home town. In the course of several hours conversation, Mr. Banerjee told me that the Ondal-Panagarh area is now a large industrial city. The home of the 47th Air Depot Group and the 30th Station Hospital at Panagarh is intact, with the entire field now in use as an International Airport and as a reserve field for Calcutta when the weather does not allow landings. The Damodar River which

caused many spates (floods) has been dammed and controlled and water is no longer a problem. Ondal, the home of the 305th Air Service Group, is sharing with Panagarh a large growth, but the base is not being used except as a practice landing field by the Indian Air Force. Pandaveswar and Madagainj, the home fields of the 7th Bomb Group, have reverted to nature and overgrown with weeds. Gushkara, the 28th Photo Mapping Squadron base, is also not in use, and deteriorated. Mr. Banerjee told me of the great love the Indians have for the departed Americans who he said always tried to make the Indians feel that they were interested in the well being of the Indian. Further information from my visitor was that Calcutta is still as of old, with Firpo's and the Grand Hotel still very much in existence and thriving. Amazing as it may sound, he said that malaria has been eradicated in India except for an occasional case. It was most interesting to talk to this man, who lives so close to the area which I know so well. I am certain that men who were stationed in the various bases mentioned above will enjoy hearing of their present status.

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,  
Los Banos, Calif.



REMAINS of bombed building at Myitkyina, Burma. Photo by Dallas H. Wilson Jr.



## Commander's Message

by

**Douglas J. Runk**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



Plan now to WALK, CRAWL, RIDE or FLY to C. B. I. V. A. Eighteenth Annual Reunion to be held in Houston, Texas, August 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1965! The Houston Basha is making great plans for your enjoyment while attending the Reunion. The Shamrock Hilton Hotel promises to roll out the "red" carpet for you. This is a Reunion you can't afford to miss!

Many of you have inquired about the facilities of the hotel. Below are guest accommodations:

Single .....	\$ 8—\$10
Double .....	\$12—\$14
Twin .....	\$14—\$16
Poolside Lanais .....	\$16
(will sleep three people)	

Since this is a family convention, members will be delighted with the extended Hilton Family Plan; whereas, children roomed with their parents up to 18 years of age are provided free housing. Baby sitting service is available at the Hotel. All registered guests of the Hotel are entitled to free swimming in the olympic size pool. (The swimming pool has been enlarged greatly since your last visit to Houston).

The Reunion Program is still in the tentative stages, however, we can assure you that you will have an opportunity to see a real TEXAS rodeo at famous VALLEY LODGE ROUND-UP near Houston. This is something many of you have asked for, so get out your western duds and be ready to join us for this special occasion.

Houston, Texas is a Historical City, on April 21, 1836, Texas won its indepen-

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—Eds.

dence from Mexico at the Battle of San Jacinto, now a part of Metropolitan Houston. The city is now the Metropolis of the South and the nation's sixth in population. It offers much to tourists, including Space Center, USA, only 22 miles from the heart of Houston, where the astronauts and engineers will be planning a roundtrip flight to the moon. At the Port of Houston, you can see the bustling activity of America's No. 2 deepwater port. For those who enjoy fishing, there is deep sea fishing on the Gulf near Houston. Just sixty minutes from downtown, over a gleaming super-highway, lies the island city of Galveston with its thirty-two miles of sparkling white sandy beaches and the warm water of the Gulf of Mexico. Houston's newest attraction is the new Domed Sports Stadium. This is the world's first air-conditioned, domed stadium for baseball, football and other sports events. It will seat 46,217 for baseball, 52,913 for football and up to 66,000 for boxing. You will be pleased to know that it is located near the Shamrock Hilton Hotel. The many things to visit in Houston are too numerous to mention, but we can assure you that you won't be disappointed.

Houston really isn't far from any Basha in the Country, if you really think about it, and we hope all the roads to the LONE STAR STATE will be crowded next August!

Have you contacted a prospective member this year? If not, why not make a special effort to locate an old buddy in your city and acquaint him with our fine group. Or, if you know of someone who has been active recently, give him a call and remind him of the fellowship enjoyed by members of CBIVA. If you should know of a city where we might organize a Basha, contact your Vice Commander or myself. We will be happy to help in any way possible.

Be sure to keep us informed of any changes of address; each year we lose a few CBIVers who simply disappear and cannot be located by mail. If you plan to move, write CBIVA Headquarters, P.O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

In closing, may I wish each of you a very happy day, February 14th, St. Valentine's Day! At this time I will be in San Francisco for the Chinese New Year's and you will certainly hear about this later.

Again I say, your many letters of suggestions and encouragement are greatly appreciated and I sincerely hope you will continue to let me hear from you.

DOUGLAS J. (DIGGER) RUNK  
National Commander  
1905 Jean Street  
Houston 23, Texas





SOLDIER sits on arm of a Buddha at Mogaung, Burma, "jade capital of the world." Photo by Gus H. Crumpler.

#### Europe and CBI

● In the January issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, there were two pictures which bring back memories of the situation as I saw it at Chabua; one of the "red cap service" on page 3 and another of the Army Post Office on page 5. I have not found it possible for me to visit India again, since I was there as an Army officer in the fall of 1944 and again in the spring of 1945. But Mrs. Burr and I have returned recently from a trip of 7½ months in Europe, where I was stationed for a time after my experience in the Far East (The CBI Theater). I was granted sabbatical leave by The American University for the academic year 1963-64. We sailed from the Port of New

York on December 28, 1963, and returned to New York by plane on August 4, 1964. While we were overseas we visited 10 countries in Western Europe. I lectured on various phases of American education in 10 cities in West Germany, at the University of Aix-Marseille, France, at two locations in the Paris area and at two locations in the London area. But we had much time for sightseeing. We had arranged to have a Volkswagen delivered to us at dockside, upon our arrival, and we drove it over 10,000 miles. In addition to that we traveled several thousand miles by plane, train and bus. It was a very rewarding experience. Perhaps, at some future time, we may be able to do something of a

similar nature in the old CBI Theater.

SAMUEL ENGLE BURR JR.,  
The American University,  
Washington, D.C.

#### Howard J. Lock

● Funeral services were held in December at Farmington, Mich., for Howard J. Lock, 41, a plant engineer with Chrysler Corp. in Detroit who was fatally injured in an auto accident. A CBI veteran, Lock was cited by the late Gen. Claire L. Chennault during World War II for outstanding initiative in demolishing an air base at Liuchow, China, as American forces withdrew from it in November, 1944. He and seven other men formed the demolition team of the 491st Bomb Group, based at the time at Liuchow which was about to be invaded by Japanese forces. The team was assigned to destroy the base after American fighters and bombers moved out. In three days they planted bombs and set wiring mechanisms to detonate the explosives. They loaded survival supplies in Jeeps, threw the switches and took off. In 1960 a movie, "Mountain Road," based on a novel by Theodore H. White, dramatized the demolition which, in Chennault's own words, "left only ruins for the Japanese to find when they reached the base." Mr. Lock is survived by his wife, two sons, a daughter, his parents, four sisters and a brother.

(From the Detroit News; submitted by Robert C. Walton, Detroit, Mich.)

#### Return to India

● Your stories about the 1964 "Return to India" trip are most interesting, as are the pictures you took while on the trip. It would seem that there has been less change in the old land in 20 years than we have been led to expect.

R. P. JACKSON,  
Wichita, Kans.





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